Babysitting Gone Wrong Part 8

Maggie held Rachel in her arms as the two girls spent the afternoon together on the couch. The younger girl leaned back against the couch's armrest, and the older girl leaned against her chest. Maggie wrapped her arms around Rachel and held her tightly around the waist as Rachel tried to relax, but it was incredibly awkward for her. She struggled to mentally process the events of that afternoon, but she knew she was truly a captive in every sense of the word. She looked down to her bound wrists in front of her, tightly wrapped together with a strand of white cloth and tied off in a knot underneath her wrists, far outside the reach of her slender fingertips. Her wrists were pressed flat together, and she had no maneuverability with her hands just as Maggie intended. Rachel looked on to see a diamond ring on her finger, and she knew that it not only symbolized her state as Maggie's captive, but it also symbolized Maggie's iron will…her relentless resolve to get whatever she wanted. Rachel detested that she was the target of that resolve. Of all the pretty girls Maggie knew, why did it have to be her? Why couldn't she have chosen some other girl to capture and torment?

As Rachel contemplated her position in Maggie's life, the young girl slid her arms from around her waist and brought them around Rachel's arms, pinning them to her torso. She hugged Rachel in a tight embrace before releasing the captive babysitter from her tight grip, then she slid her hands down Rachel's arms. Maggie's hands first traced the soft, pink fabric of Rachel's shirt around her upper arms, and as the young girl continued sliding her hands down,, the pink shirt gave way to Rachel's skin just below her elbows. The shortened, ¾ sleeves left Rachel's forearms exposed, and Maggie's gentle hands softly slid down them until they found a resting spot just shy of the white cloth that bound the older girl's wrists together. Maggie let her hands rest on Rachel's delicate forearms as she continued to hold her babysitter, still bound at the wrists and ankles with white cloth, and still gagged with more of the material as well. She was utterly helpless in Maggie's embrace.

Rachel sighed as Maggie held her on the couch, prompting a typical tease from the younger girl.

"Shhhh…." she hushed. "It's okay, cutie, I've got you. You're safe with me..."

"mmmpphhh..." Rachel signed with displeasure.

She didn't like having Maggie hold her like she was some sort of helpless pet. She didn't like feeling Maggie's palms on her forearms, and she especially didn't like seeing or feeling a ring on her finger. Rachel began wondering if she had finally had enough. Was it all worth it? She only participated in Maggie's delusion insofar as she could prevent Maggie from leaking several compromising photos of her in bondage, but she began wondering if the cost was truly worth it. Next time Maggie untied her, would it be worthwhile to finally declare an end to her stupid game once and for all? She could always worry about damage control later, but for now, all she could think about was getting out and putting an end to this nonsense.

Rachel sighed again as she leaned against Maggie's embrace, patiently waiting for the young girl to decide what to do with her next, if anything. She could never tell what Maggie would do with her, and she had discovered a long time ago that Maggie was full of surprises. As the young girl held her restrained babysitter, Maggie began softly caressing Rachel's arms with her hands.

"mmmpppphhh..." Rachel moaned in disgust as she watched Maggie's small hands slide around her exposed forearms.

"Hush, cutie," said Maggie. "Just be quiet...be a good girl..."

Rachel felt Maggie's heart rate dramatically increase. She could feel the young girl's heart beating wildly in her chest as she leaned against her, and it felt as though Maggie's heart was about to leap out. Maggie continued gently sliding her hands across Rachel's exposed forearms.

"You're going to be my wife," she said, softly.

"mph," grunted Maggie in disgust behind her gag.

The older girl tried to twist her wrists against the cloth bindings, but they held her wrists firm and pressed together. Her situation was simply inescapable.

"Once we're married, cutie, I'll get to call you wifey," teased Maggie. "Do you like that? I bet you can't wait to be my wifey."

"mmmppphh..." Rachel sighed in displeasure.

"There's so much to do though," whispered Maggie. "I haven't even thought about wedding plans. I definitely want to marry you this week though."

Rachel breathed heavily as Maggie's heart continued beating rapidly against her back. Maggie wrapped her legs around Rachel's and encased her entire body with her legs and arms. The young girl squeezed Rachel's forearms tightly in her hands.

"Wifey..." she whispered into Rachel's ear.

Rachel twitched and instinctively tried to pry herself away when she felt Maggie's breath right up against her ear.

"MPH!" she grunted as she tried to pull her arms out of Maggie's grip.

Maggie pulled her hands off Rachel's arms and brought them behind Rachel's back. She then pushed Rachel forward into a sitting position, and she pulled her legs back so she could slide out from underneath her babysitter.

"You should really relax more often," said Maggie as she got up from the couch.

Rachel slid back down and leaned against the armrest of the couch. Without Maggie behind her, she laid down on the couch on her back as she looked up at the young girl standing over her.

"You can be so difficult at times," continued Maggie. "All I want is some time on the couch with you, and you can't sit still!"

"MPH," snorted Rachel.

The bound and gagged babysitter found it ironic that Maggie was the one calling her the difficult one.

"Don't worry though," said Maggie. "You've done a good job so far as my babysitter, and with a little more training, I think you'll be an even better wife!"

"MPH?!" Rachel pipped as she raised her eyebrows.

The captive girl thought back to the many instances during her captivity with Maggie, both this time and last, where she had been spanked, forced to pole dance, and also forced to sleep naked. How much more would Maggie do to her?

Maggie stood over the couch and stared down at Rachel. The older girl looked incredibly beautiful in her simple cloth bindings. The white material contrasted amazingly with her pink shirt and black leggings, and of course, there was the pink collar around her neck. Maggie loved the sight of Rachel in captivity, and even after having subjected the poor girl to endless hours in it, she still never grew tired of keeping her babysitter bound and gagged. On the other hand, Rachel had grown very fatigued from being tormented by Maggie, but what could she do about it? Resistance would guarantee the complete destruction of her reputation, and she wasn't sure if she could handle the humiliation of everyone seeing her bound and gagged.

Rachel stared up at Maggie as the young girl stood over her. She looked so empowered standing there and looking down at her. She was so young to be this aggressive and forceful, and although she looked like just a kid, she was very much a young lady. She crossed her arms and struck a tomboy pose as she stood there in her jeans and blue t-shirt, and Rachel resisted the urge to bring her bound wrists up to her neck and shrink up in a frightened, submissive position on the couch. Maggie held her pose as she stood over her captive babysitter, and Rachel could do nothing but return her stare as the young girl stood over her.

"I should go plan the wedding I think," said Maggie. "Will you be good and stay here on the couch while I'm upstairs in my room?"

Rachel said nothing at first, almost in shock that Maggie suggested that she would leave her alone like this. Sure, she had left her alone several times in the past while she was bound and gagged, but Maggie would always make sure to restrain her to something in order to prevent an escape attempt. And Rachel didn't count the times she had been set free, followed by being left alone. Maggie didn't keep her in captivity 24/7, and she definitely had periods of freedom, but this wasn't one of those times. Would Maggie seriously leave her on the couch with her wrists bound in front of her, not expecting her to at least take her gag out?

Maggie noted Rachel's awkward silence.

"Do you need to be tied to something instead?" she asked.

"MPH?!" Rachel squeaked as she snapped to attention.

Rachel shuffled her body and sat upright on the couch. Maggie took a step back to let Rachel bring her feet down from the couch and place them on the floor. Rachel stared up at Maggie in confusion.

"You know what," said Maggie finally. "I'll just tie you to the couch to be safe, how does that sound?"

Rachel bowed her head, embarrassed.

"mmppphh..." she sighed.

"Get down on the floor, cutie!" said Maggie, gleefully.

Rachel obeyed the young girl and carefully slid onto the floor. She sat on her knees and kept her bound wrists on her thighs. She continued staring up at Maggie as she waited for whatever was going to happen next.

“I’m going to run upstairs and get some rope real quick,” said Maggie. “Don’t move a muscle while I’m gone!”

“mph hmph,” nodded Rachel.

Maggie darted towards the stairs and ran up them, skipping every other one. Rachel looked down at her bound wrists, and she reflected on how easy it would be to bring her hands up to her mouth and remove the cloth gag that was nestled between her teeth. She could easily remove it and spit out the cloth in her mouth, and she’d be so much more comfortable than she was right now. But if she did that, what would Maggie’s reaction be? Would the young girl understand her need to feel more comfortable, or would she be angry? Rachel already knew the answer, so she kept her wrists down against her legs as she resisted the temptation, and soon Maggie came hopping down the stairs again.

“Back!” she said as she skipped over to Rachel. “And look at you! You didn’t move one bit!”

Rachel shook her head back and forth.

“nphm...” she muttered.

“Turn to face the couch,” said Maggie.

Rachel shifted her body so that she was facing the couch, and she felt Maggie put her hands on her shoulders in order to guide her.

“Slide down to the end over here,” instructed the young girl.

Rachel put her hands on the floor and slid down towards the end of the couch with some difficulty given that her ankles and wrists were tied, but she eventually made it to where Maggie had wanted her.

The young girl took the rope she had brought from her room, and she tied it around Rachel’s collar. She then brought the other end to the base of the couch before tying it around the couch leg. Maggie pulled it tight before tying it off in a knot, but left Rachel enough slack to where the bound and gagged babysitter could still sit upright on her knees. Maggie then stood up behind Rachel.

“Think you can stay here for a bit while I go plan our wedding?” she asked.

Rachel paused for a second, and then nodded her head.

“mph hmph,” she mumbled.

“Why did you hesitate?” asked Maggie.

“mph?” Rachel moaned.

“Just then,” continued Maggie. “You waited a few seconds before you said yes. Why did you do that?”

Rachel said nothing. She stared at the couch and the rope tied to its leg as Maggie stood behind her. The bound and gagged babysitter wished she could turn around and see Maggie so she could gauge the look on her face, but she knew she wouldn’t be able to turn all the way around in this state.

Maggie looked down at the bound and gagged babysitter, and she realized that it wasn't exactly a proper way to restrain a beautiful damsel-in-distress. Rachel may have been leashed to the couch, but her wrists were bound in front of her. Maggie realized how easy it would be for Rachel to undo several of Maggie's efforts. The older girl could very easily remove her gag and untie herself from the couch, and she may even be able to escape altogether if she found something that could aid her. She may have been effectively restrained for the purposes of relaxing on the couch under supervision, but she wasn't secure enough to be left alone. Maggie wondered if she could fix this by tying Rachel's bound wrists to her knees, but even then Rachel might still attempt to free herself from the leash.

"You'll be a good girl while I'm gone, right?" asked Maggie. "If I leave you like this, you won't try to untie yourself, will you?"

Rachel hesitated to answer. She didn't want to lie, but she also didn't want to pledge herself to just sit like this when she could easily make herself more comfortable by removing her gag and leash once Maggie had gone upstairs. She remained silent as the awkward pause continued.

Maggie forced a response through further interrogation.

"If I leave you like this, will you try to untie yourself?" Maggie asked again.

Rachel found herself confessing. She nodded her head.

"mph hmph..." Rachel admitted.

"Should I tie you up better so you're not tempted to get free?" asked Maggie.

Rachel bowed her head shamefully.

"mph hmph," she nodded.

The older girl felt utterly humiliated at having admitted that just now. She knew she'd take her gag out if left alone like this, and she knew that Maggie would punish her once she found out later. The only way to avoid that would be to let Maggie tie her up more securely right now. It was humiliating to ask for it, but it would be less humiliating overall than if she received punishment later by a girl so much younger than her. She didn't want another spanking like the first time.

"I could tie your hands behind your back instead," Maggie said. "It would be a lot harder for you to do anything if I tied your hands behind your back."

Rachel kept her head bowed in shame.

"Do you want me to tie your hands behind you so you can't try anything?"

Rachel nodded again.

"mph hmph," she mumbled.

Rachel hated having to admit that she would work to untie herself if she wasn't restrained more securely. She also hated feeling as though she couldn't keep a secret from the young girl standing behind her. Through the course of their time spent together, Maggie had deprived Rachel of even the very basic human instinct to deceive. Rachel knew she couldn't be anything with Maggie other than absolutely honest. If she was anything less than completely honest, Maggie would discover it and punish her. There could be no hiding, no deceiving, and no resisting Maggie's will. Rachel knew

herself, and she knew she had to ask to have her wrists untied so they could be restrained behind her back instead. It was for her own good.

The young girl knelt down behind Rachel and reached around her waist. Maggie put her lips against Rachel's ear and whispered softly.

"Thank you for your honesty," she cooed.

"mmmppphhhh…" grunted Rachel.

"Hold still," whispered Maggie as she reached her hands around Rachel.

Rachel pulled her wrists back towards her body as Maggie untied them from behind. Rachel looked on as Maggie's arms came around her waist, and her fingers met with the knot that kept the cloth bindings secure. Maggie was so skilled that she could untie the knot without really looking at it. Rachel felt Maggie's head against her back and turned to the side as she pressed her body against Rachel's.

When Rachel's hands were free, Maggie pulled back and took the strand of cloth with her. She sat on her knees behind Rachel as the older girl obediently brought her arms behind her back. Rachel knew that she needed her hands to be tied behind her in order for this day to end peacefully and without any more embarrassing incidents, so she did what she knew was best for her by submitting herself to Maggie's plans. Rachel knew herself well, and she knew that she didn't have the discipline needed to sit there for a long period of time with her hands bound in front of her. She would try something she'd end up regretting, and she knew she needed more control to fight that urge. Not being able to muster such control, she knew the only way would be to have her hands tied up somewhere she couldn't use them to get herself in more trouble, somewhere safe and secure, tucked away behind her back. With her hands bound behind her, they'd be out of sight and out of mind, and she could sit there patiently and stay out of any potential mischief that would give Maggie a reason to be mad at her.

Rachel held her hands behind her back and presented them to Maggie for binding, and she waited patiently for the young girl to restrain her. Maggie took Rachel's wrists in her hands and crossed them, then began tying them together with the white strip of cloth. Rachel held still as she felt the cloth wrap around her wrists twice over, and then she felt Maggie tie it off in a knot in between her wrists and out of reach. When she had finished, Maggie got on her feet and stood up behind her bound and gagged babysitter.

"Alright then," said Maggie. "I'll come check on you in a bit."

Maggie began walking away as Rachel twisted her wrists to make sure that they were secure, and to her surprise, she found the knot to be loose. She was restrained for the moment, but with a few twists and pulls, she knew that she could break free of the cloth binding around her wrists. She knew the temptation to untie herself would be too strong to resist, so she stopped Maggie before the young girl made it to the stairs.

"MPH!" she grunted as she turned her head towards the stairs.

Maggie stopped at the landing and put her hand on the railing. The young girl turned back to face Rachel.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"MPH HMPH HMPH!" Rachel grunted as she extended her arms behind her back.

She kept her arms suspended in air behind her back as she twisted her wrists a few times, showing Maggie that something was wrong.

“I can’t understand you,” said Maggie.

“MPH HMPH!” Rachel moaned through her gag as she brought her hands down against her back.

The older girl continued twisting her wrists until finally, the knot loosened. Rachel paused as Maggie walked back over to her. Looking down, Maggie saw that the cloth bindings had nearly come undone, and with a few more pulls, Rachel would have broken free of them. The young girl knelt down behind her babysitter and untied the knot, then she crossed Rachel’s wrists once again. She wrapped the strip of cloth around Rachel’s wrists a few times before tying the knot in between them, just like she had done the first time, only now the knot was much more secure. She then stood up and looked down at Rachel from behind.

Maggie put her hands under Rachel’s chin, and then she pulled Rachel’s head back.

“MPH!” grunted Rachel as her head was pulled back.

She stared up at Maggie as the young girl looked down at her.

“That was a test,” said Maggie. “And you passed!”

Maggie knelt down and kissed Rachel’s forehead before releasing her head. Rachel brought her head forward in an upright position as Maggie pulled her hands away.

“I’m very proud of you, cutie,” said Maggie. “Now I’m off to plan the wedding for real this time. See ya later!”

Maggie ran upstairs and left Rachel alone in the living room. With her ankles and wrists bound, Rachel could do nothing to pass the time as she sat on her knees facing the couch. The leash kept her tethered to the couch’s leg, and it didn’t offer her enough length to lay down. She could only sit there in silence as she waited for Maggie to return. She twisted her wrists and tested the cloth binding, and she found that Maggie had indeed secured her effectively this time. She was surprised Maggie had even put her to that test, but she was glad that she didn’t fall into the trap. Rachel even wondered if Maggie had secretly hoped she’d fail her little test so that the young girl would have a reason to punish her, but whatever the case, Rachel could at least rest a bit easier knowing that her hands were tucked away behind her, unable to tempt her into doing something foolish. Being properly restrained, she wouldn’t be able to give Maggie any reason or excuse to be mad at her, so all she could do now was wait patiently for Maggie to plan their little mock wedding. Rachel had seemingly forgotten how serious Maggie was about her, and the young girl probably believed that their wedding would be real. Whatever the case, Rachel could do nothing but sit there with her hands tied behind her back as her destiny was decided for her.

Meanwhile, Maggie sat at a little drawing desk in her room and poured over ideas for her perfect wedding. A girl as beautiful and flawless as Rachel deserved the best she could offer, and the young girl was determined to see that the girl of her dreams became her lovely new bride. She opened her group text with her friends, Mya and Chloe, and sought their help.

“Guys!” Maggie wrote. “Wedding advice! NOW!”

Mya wrote back first.

“It’s not the wedding that counts, but the vows. Just make sure you get her to swear herself to you, and that’s all that matters!” said the young girl.

Maggie frowned and wrote back angrily.

“No way!” Maggie typed. “There’s going to be a wedding! I’ve worked too hard not to have a real wedding!

Chloe finally chimed in.

“Well,” she wrote. “What did you have in mind?”

Maggie expressed her ideas to her two friends.

“I was thinking I could do it here at the house,” she wrote. “I could get Rachel in a beautiful dress and marry her in the back yard or something, but I need some bridesmaids!”

Mya and Chloe both responded with excited emoji faces.

“YAY!!!” typed Chloe.

“We get to be bridesmaids!” texted Mya.

The two girls were equally excited to be included in Maggie’s plans.

“I can’t wait to see Rachel tied up in person,” said Chloe. “It’s one thing to see pics, but I bet she’ll look super cute up close!”

Mya replied next.

“Are you sure about this though,” she said. “If Rachel finds out we know about you two, it may complicate things.”

“I’m not worried,” wrote Maggie. “She’ll be upset, but I think she does everything because she mainly wants to avoid HER friends and family from finding out. She doesn’t even know you guys, so I think we’re covered there.”

“Okay,” wrote Mya. “If you think she’ll still be your wife after she finds out we know about her, then I’m all for it!”

Chloe chimed in.

“I can’t wait!” she replied. “So what’s the plan?”

Mya and Chloe were both far more excited and eager to help Maggie with the planning now that they realized they were to be included. Suddenly, the exciting little stories that Maggie told them would become real, and they’d get to take part in them as well. Nearly every teen has a fantasy of tying up their babysitter at some point, and Mya and Chloe had both expressed their envy at Maggie’s situation with Rachel, and now they’d get to play along as well. They had enough fun at the mall earlier that day, so they were really looking forward to participating in Maggie’s fantasies even further.

“Here’s what I’m thinking,” wrote Maggie. “We do it in my basement and we fix up the room to look all romantic, and we can play some music on my dad’s stereo system.”

“Yeah!” wrote Mya. “That will be good!”

Chloe added, “And we can officiate the wedding and walk her down the aisle, too!”

“Yep!” wrote Maggie. “That’s what I’m thinking, too. Honestly, I think she’ll try to resist a good bit, so I’ll need your help with controlling her.”

“Not a problem!” said Mya.

“I’m stronger than I look!” added Chloe. “We can take her!”

Chloe added a determined wink face at the bottom of her text, indicating that she looked forward to taming and subduing Rachel on Maggie’s behalf.

“There’s only one problem,” wrote Maggie.

“What’s that?” asked one of the girls.

“I have no dress...” replied Maggie. “I spent all my money on the ring.”

“You’re in luck then!” said Chloe. “My sister got married like four years ago, and we still have her dress here at the house. She’s about Rachel’s size.”

“Can you show me?” asked Maggie.

Chloe went silent for a bit as Mya continued texting, and then a few moments later, Chloe sent a picture of a beautiful wedding dress. The dress was long and slim, solid white, and it had high-cut sleeves rather than shoulder straps. It had a low cut in the front, and Maggie smiled when she thought about how Rachel’s breasts would look in such a tight-fitting and low-cut dress. The dress also came with a long, narrow veil that was worn in the bride’s hair without covering any of her face.

“It’s perfect!!!” exclaimed Maggie. “She’ll look gorgeous in it!”

“And I’ll bring flowers!” wrote Mya.

“Thanks guys,” wrote Maggie with a more serious tone. “I couldn’t do this without you...”

“That’s what friends are for!” replied Chloe.

“Exactly!” wrote Mya. “We’ll do anything to make this special. It’s your wedding, too!”

Maggie realized that Mya was right. This was her wedding just as much as it was Rachel’s. She continued to discuss the finer details with her friends as the afternoon wore on, and then once all the details were settled and agreed upon, she reminded her friends that she had left Rachel tied up in another room and had to free her.

“Go get her!” wrote Mya.

“Give her a kiss for me!” said Chloe.

“I will!” said Maggie. “So it’s settled then? Tomorrow morning at my place?”

“We’ll be there!” said the girls.

Maggie turned her phone off and put it in her pocket, then ran downstairs to get Rachel. She found her babysitter still bound and gagged on the floor facing the couch with a leash around her neck and tied to the couch leg. Rachel hadn’t moved a bit. Her ankles and wrists were still perfectly bound, and she sat on her knees with her head bowed low. She turned to see Maggie come down the stairs.

“mmmmppphhh...” she sighed into her gag.

“Don’t worry, cutie,” said Maggie. “I’m here now!”

Maggie ran over to Rachel and immediately freed her.

“You did so good!” said the young girl. “I knew you’d be right here where I left you!”

Once freed, Rachel stood up and walked towards the bathroom, ignoring Maggie.

“Take the evening off,” said Maggie. “I’ll let you know when it’s your bedtime!”

Rachel rolled her eyes as she closed herself in the bathroom. Maggie went into the kitchen to fix herself a snack, and the two girls spent the evening apart from each other. Maggie spent the evening fantasizing about tomorrow’s wedding, and Rachel spent the evening pretending like she was anywhere else. Maggie alternated between the kitchen and her room while Rachel passed the time in the living room on the couch, either reading a book or scrolling through her phone. Every time Maggie would walk by, she’d blow a kiss and call out to Rachel as she passed, but Rachel ignored her.

After several hours, Maggie warned Rachel that her bedtime was approaching, and Rachel took the opportunity to use the bathroom a final time and brush her teeth. She knew what Maggie intended for her, and she expected to have to spend the night restrained to the guest bed again. She wasn’t looking forward to it, but she didn’t have a choice in the matter.

Rachel retrieved a pair of pajamas from her suitcase, a matching pajama set of blue shorts and crop-top. She had brought them with her as her “sexy” pajamas, hoping that they’d be skimpy enough to win Maggie’s approval so that she could avoid being tied up in the nude, while also being enough clothing for her that she’d at least feel comfortable. She sat on the couch in her pajamas waiting for Maggie, making sure to leave her pink collar on.

Maggie soon appeared wearing a pair of plaid pajama pants and a purple hoodie, and she held the strips of white cloth in her hand from earlier.

“Ready for bed, cutie?” asked Maggie.

Rachel said nothing as she stood up from the couch, turning around to face away from Maggie as the young girl walked up behind her. Rachel brought her arms behind her knowing that Maggie wanted to tie her up, and the young girl wasted no time in restraining Rachel’s wrists behind her back. Then, Maggie took another piece of cloth and brought it around Rachel’s head, pulling it between her teeth and tying it in the back. Maggie put one hand on Rachel’s forearm as she laced her other arm around Rachel’s. Holding onto Rachel’s arm with both of hers, Maggie walked forward and escorted Rachel from the living room to the guest room.

“Come along cutie,” said Maggie. “It’s past your bedtime.”

“mmmppphhh...” Rachel mewed as Maggie escorted her to bed.

When they entered the bedroom, Maggie walked Rachel over to the bed and allowed her to climb into it before fully untying her. Rachel inwardly questioned why she needed to be bound and gagged for such a short walk, but she assumed it had something to do with Maggie’s quirky need to always have physical control over her. Rachel knew better than to question or resist Maggie’s inclinations, so she let the young girl do whatever she wanted with her, even if it was something as silly as tying her up just to walk her over to the room down the hall.

Rachel required no instruction when Maggie untied her wrists. Rachel laid flat on her back and extended her arms and legs out towards the four restraints that Maggie had fixed to the bed. Maggie diligently and swiftly restrained each of Rachel’s limbs in the restraints, and then she removed her gag.

“We’re getting married tomorrow, cutie,” said Maggie, standing at Rachel’s side.

“Oh joy,” said Rachel sarcastically. “I get to be the wife of a fucked-up teenager.”

Maggie frowned, but she didn’t say anything else. She closed her eyes, and without warning, she leaned forward and planted her lips on top of Rachel’s.

“MMMPPPHH!!!!” Rachel groaned as Maggie stole an unexpected kiss.

Rachel curled her hands into fists and pulled against the restraints, but they held firm. Maggie held firm as well as she pressed her lips onto Rachel’s, forcing her head back into the pillow behind her. Maggie brought her hands to Rachel’s head and held her steady as she kept their lips sealed together. Rachel felt smothered and began frantically pulling at the restraints with both her legs and her arms, but they held her limbs spread wide apart. She couldn’t breath, and Maggie seemed not to care as she kept her lips on hers, sealing their kiss for what felt like eternity.

“MPH HMPH HMPH!!!” grunted Rachel as she struggled.

She couldn’t breath and felt like she was about to lose consciousness if Maggie didn’t pull away. Finally though, the young girl granted her a bit of relief. Maggie released Rachel’s heads as she broke off their lengthy kiss, teasing Rachel by making a loud “MWUAH” sound with her mouth. As soon as Rachel caught her breath, she lashed out.

“Fuck you, Maggie!” she screamed. “You’re a little bitch...MHP!!!”

Maggie pressed her hand into Rachel’s mouth and silenced her.

“Shhhh...” she hushed. “That’s no way for a lady to talk. You better learn some respect if you’re going to be my wife!”

With her hand pressed onto Rachel’s lips, Maggie opened the drawer to the nightstand beside the bed and pulled out the leather panel gag that she always kept there. Rachel tried shaking her head, and she protested with loud grunts and moans, but it didn’t stop Maggie from gagging her with it. When Rachel had been gagged, Maggie blindfolded her with the sleeping mask that was also kept in the drawer. Maggie then walked over to the door and turned off the lights.

“Sleep well, cutie,” she teased. “We’re getting married tomorrow morning first thing!”

“MMMMMPPPPHHH!!!!” grunted Rachel as Maggie closed the door.

It would be a long, sleepless night for the bound and gagged babysitter.

Rachel’s eyes darted open underneath the sleep mask as she was jolted awake by multiple hands all over her and unfastening her restraints.

“MPH?!” she grunted.

“Hold her still!” shouted a young girl.

“I’m trying!” replied another.

Rachel violently pulled at her arms and shook left and right as she felt four hands on her.

“MPH HMPH!” she grunted. “MMMMHHHPPPH!!!!”

“Pipe down, Rachel!” exclaimed one of the girls.

“It’s just us,” said the other. “Chloe and Mya.”

“MPH?!” Rachel squealed, keeping up her protests.

She pulled and twisted, and the two young girls struggled to contain her.

“Hold still, Rachel!” exclaimed one of the girls.

“Yeah,” said the other. “Stop squirming!”

“MMMMPPPHHH!!!” Rachel cried out into the panel gag.

What were Chloe and Mya doing there? Rachel felt extremely embarrassed to have been found in this helpless state by Maggie’s friends. Eventually the two girls gave up and stepped back, leaving Rachel bound and gagged. Rachel caught her breath as the two girls stood beside her.

“It’s no use,” said Chloe. “We’ll never get her ready like this!”

“MPH?!” squeaked Rachel.

“We have to try,” said Mya. “Maggie is counting on us!”

“MPH?!” repeated Rachel. “MPH HMPH!!!!”

“Stop struggling, Rachel!” demanded Chloe.

“Yeah,” said Mya. “How can we get you ready for your big day if you’re going to act like this?”

“BIPGH DPH?” mumbled Rachel.

“You know,” said Chloe. “Your and Maggie’s wedding.”

“MMMMMMPPPPPHHHH!!!!!” Rachel screamed as she furiously yanked her arms and legs.

Rachel ferociously pulled at her restraints, trying to bust free so she could go kick Maggie’s ass. She couldn’t believe that she had told her friends about their situation. It was all supposed to stay a secret, and now these two little punk girls were in here talking about Maggie’s fantasy wedding. Rachel was in disbelief, and she was equally infuriated. She continued pulling at her restraints.

“LPH MPH GOPH!!!” she moaned.

“We can’t let you go,” said Mya. “You’re the bride!”

“That’s right,” added Chloe. “And we have to get you ready. So please just stop struggling!”

Rachel continued thrashing, and Mya and Chloe wondered if they’d be able to succeed in their task.

“Should we go get Maggie?” asked Chloe.

“We can’t,” said Mya. “It’s tradition for the bride not to be seen on her wedding day until she’s given away at the altar.”

“Oh yeah,” said Chloe. “I forgot about that. So what do we do?”

Mya stepped forward and pulled Rachel’s blindfold off. The older girl blinked several times as she adjusted her eyes to the morning sun peeking through the window, and she saw Chloe and Mya standing in the room with her, each of them wearing a peach-colored dress with shoulder straps. She noticed a white wedding dress hanging up on the door frame and a large bouquet of flowers on the nightstand beside the bed.

“MPHHH!!!” Rachel grunted when she saw the dress.

Chloe and Mya just stood by and waited for Rachel to tire herself out. After a while, they tried to reason with her.

“Please, Rachel,” said Mya. “We have to get you ready for your wedding, but we can’t do it if you’re acting like this.”

Rachel shook her head.

“NPH HMPH!” she protested.

“Come on,” said Chloe. “Just let us get you dressed, and then we’ll get you married!”

“NNNPPPHHH!!!” Rachel squealed.

Chloe and Mya looked at each other again, wondering what they should do.

“Well,” suggested Mya as she shrugged her shoulders. “I guess we should just start at the bottom and work our way up. If she’s not going to cooperate, let’s do as much as we can while she’s tied up on the bed.”

“Okay,” said Chloe.

The two girls began shuffling through the clothing that they brought as Rachel watched in anger. Chloe and Mya pulled the dress down from the hangar and gently laid it on the ground, and then they also had with them a pair of silk stockings, a white, lace thong and bra, and a pair of solid white high heels.

“NPH HMPH!” Rachel grunted as she shook her head.

There was no way she was letting these two girls dress her up in all that!

Chloe and Mya prepared the stockings first, and one girl held Rachel’s leg down while the other unfastened the ankle restraint. When Rachel’s leg was free, she tried to kick, but her leg was pinned to the bed.

“Hurry!” exclaimed Chloe.

“I’m trying!” said Mya as the young girl struggled to get the stock onto Rachel’s leg.

It took a few moments, but eventually Mya had managed to slide the stocking onto Rachel’s foot, and then the young girl slid it all the way up to her thigh. With one stocking on, the two girls returned Rachel’s ankle back into its restraint, and then they prepared another stocking for her other leg. It was no less easy to get the other stocking on, but soon they had succeeded, and Rachel had two silk stockings put on her legs against her will.

“Now what?” asked Mya.

Chloe looked over to the wedding attire and then back over to Rachel.

“I guess let’s try the thong,” she said.

“MPH?!” grunted Rachel as she struggled. “NPH MHPH!!!”

Chloe picked up a white, lace thong from the floor and brought it over to Rachel.

“This has to go on you!” the young girl said. “Stop giving us so much trouble!”

“MPH HMPH!!!” Rachel shouted into the panel gag as she shook her head.

Chloe laid down across Rachel’s legs and pinned them to the bed as Mya unfastened both ankle restraints. Rachel tried to free her legs from underneath Chloe, but Mya tightly gripped her ankles in her hands and fought to keep her pinned. Chloe, still laying across Rachel’s legs, began pulling at the waist line of her shorts. The young girl also pulled her underwear down with them, leaving Rachel exposed and vulnerable.

“MMMPPPPHHH!!!” squealed Rachel as the two girls worked to pull the shorts off of her.

When they had managed to get her shorts and underwear off, Chloe slid the lace thong through her feet and brought it up to her waist as Mya restrained her ankles again.

“There!” said Chloe triumphantly as she nestled the thong in place.

“We’re getting there,” said Mya. “Slowly but surely.”

“Let’s get her bra on next!” said Chloe.

The two girls fought with Rachel, but the helpless babysitter was powerless to win a two-versus-one. She was overpowered once her wrists had been freed from their restraints, and the two girls managed to pull her shirt off as well as her bra that she had already been wearing. Before long, they had replaced her bra with the newer white one.

“Let’s go ahead and take her gag out,” said Mya.

Chloe agreed and unfastened Rachel’s gag. The older girl spit it out and swore up and down against the two young girls.

“You’re dead!” she exclaimed. “You’re all dead!”

“Oh, shut up!” said Mya as she began to unfasten the ankle restraints again. “It’s time to get you in your wedding dress!”

As soon as Rachel’s ankles were free, she shoved Chloe away from her, kicked Mya square in the chest, and lunged from the bed. She ran down the hall and into the living room with the two girls struggling to regain their footing.

“She’s getting away!” shouted Chloe as Mya struggled to catch her breath.

Rachel found her purse in the living room and snatched it up, then bolted through the front door to get to her car. Chloe ran down the hall after her, and Mya emerged from the guest bedroom behind Chloe. The two girls chased Rachel down the sidewalk and through the yard to her car, giggling and screaming behind her.

“Runaway bride!” shouted Chloe.

“Get her!” exclaimed Mya as she followed the pursuit.

Rachel dashed through the yard in the lace underwear set and stockings. She looked ridiculous, but she was fed up and done. By letting her friends in on the deal, Maggie had broken the trust she and Rachel shared. The jig was up, and the blackmail was broken. Rachel decided to just go home and call Maggie’s parents to confess everything, and she would let them know full well what a terrible little shithead of a daughter they had.

Rachel made it to her car before the young girls caught her, and she locked herself inside just as Chloe reached for the door handle. The young girl pulled it, but the door had been locked. Rachel breathed a sigh of relief as she sat in her car, surrounded by two young teens intent on kidnapping her. Rachel looked out of her driver side window to see Chloe pulling on the handle again, but she relaxed knowing that she was safe. She wasn’t going to be a captive bride today...no, she was finally going home.

Chloe and Mya checked all the door handles on each side of Rachel’s car, but they were all locked. Finally, Rachel decided to make good on her escape, and she pulled her car keys out from her purse. She put the key in the ignition and turned it forward, but the car wouldn’t start. She tried again, and the car sputtered. Rachel tried a third time, and the car still wouldn’t start. Between the car’s sputtering she heard a muffled voice coming from the outside of her window. Chloe was standing there at the driver’s window trying to say something, but Rachel couldn’t make it out.

After a fourth failed attempt to start the car, Rachel slumped back in her seat, wondering what was happening. Without the noise coming from the engine, she was finally able to hear Chloe.

“Your battery is disconnected,” said the young girl. “You’re not going anywhere.”

Rachel lost all control of herself. She beat the steering wheel with her fists and screamed as loud as she could.

“AAAAAAHHHHHH!” she shrieked, tears filling up her eyes. “BIIIIIITTTTTCCCHH!!!”

She continued beating the steering wheel until she felt like she might bruise herself, and then she yanked her pink collar from her neck and threw it into the floorboard. Chloe and Mya stood by as they watched Rachel’s meltdown, but eventually the poor girl calmed down. Once she had stopped raging, Rachel began to cry. She folded her arms across the steering wheel and buried her head in them, then she wept uncontrollably. After a few moments, she heard some light tapping on the window.

“Come on,” said Mya from outside the car. “Let’s go back inside.”

Chloe was standing next to hear, and the young girl smiled softly and nodded her head. She tried assuring Rachel that everything would be okay, but Rachel dismissed her body language and continued crying. Finally Chloe joined Mya in trying to convince Rachel to get out of the car.

“Just roll with it,” said Chloe. “It won’t be that bad!”

Rachel ignored the two girls as she wiped tears from her eyes. She wanted to go home but couldn’t, and she couldn’t get out of the car without being taken captive by Maggie’s little henchmen. She was trapped.

Mya eventually pulled out her phone and called Maggie, asking what they should do in this situation. She spoke on the phone for a moment before placing it against her chest, and then Mya leaned in against the window.

“Maggie said to tell you that it’s just us that knows about all this,” she said. “But if you don’t get out of the car, she’s going to tell all your friends. You have two minutes to decide.”

Rachel realized she was beaten. Even though Maggie was a liar and had told her friends about how she had been tying her up all this time, she still couldn’t risk the people in her life discovering it. She looked at the two young girls. Mya smiled, hoping to prod her into making the right decision, and Chloe reached into her pocket to pull out two small zip-ties.

“It’s okay,” said Chloe as she smiled. “Just trust us...”

Rachel knew her time was getting short, and she finally yielded. She pressed the unlock button on her car.

Mya raised the phone from her chest and told Maggie that they’d be bringing her back, and Chloe slowly opened the door.

“It’s okay, Rachel,” said Chloe. “Just play along.”

Chloe reached into the car and took Rachel by the wrist, then slowly pulled her out. Rachel stood out of the car as Chloe spun her around, then pressed her against the side. The young girl pulled Rachel’s wrists behind her back while keeping her pressed against the side of the car, and Rachel felt like she was being arrested as she felt the plastic zip-ties wrap around her wrists.

click click click click click

The zip-ties made several rapid ticking sounds as the young girl tightened them against Rachel's wrists, and soon the runaway bride had been captured and secured, ready to be delivered back into the wedding that she had tried so hard to escape.

Mya leaned into the car and took Rachel's collar from the floorboard, and then she put it back on Rachel's neck.

"Maggie will be mad if we bring you back without this, haha!"

Rachel blushed with embarrassment but didn't say anything. She fought back tears as Mya collared her, and then Chloe put her hand on her forearm. Mya put her hand on Rachel's other arm, and the two girls walked her towards the house. Rachel's arms were restrained behind her as the two girls escorted her up the sidewalk, and when they had made it back inside, Mya locked the door behind them.

"Don't worry, Rachel," said Chloe. "I don't think any neighbors saw anything."

"Yeah," said Mya. "Nothing to worry about. Now let's go get you married!"

Rachel offered no resistance as the two girls took her back to the bedroom where the bridal dress had been left. When they got there, Chloe began getting everything ready while Mya cut Rachel free from the zip-ties. Rachel continued fighting back tears as the two girls helped her get dressed, and when they had finished, Rachel stood tall in Chloe's sister's wedding gown, complete with a pair of white heels and a thin, lace veil in her hair. The two young girls admired Rachel and complemented her on her beauty.

"You're so pretty, Rachel!" said Mya.

"You make me want to get married one day, too!" added Chloe.

The dress hugged Rachel's skin tightly, and the sleeves were tight against her upper arms.

"You look like a model from a wedding catalog," said Mya. "You're the perfect bride!"

Maggie had given her friends the strips of white cloth that she had used to restrain Rachel from the day before, and Chloe held them up in front of Rachel.

"I need to tie you up now," she said. "I hope that's okay. Please don't fight us."

Rachel offered her wrists to the young girl who took them in her hands and pressed them together in front of her. Chloe wrapped the cloth around Rachel's wrists several times before bringing it across the middle, then she tied the knot on the backside away from Rachel's fingers. Rachel's wrists were bound in front of her, and then Mya handed her the bouquet of flowers. Rachel took them in her hands and held them as Chloe took more of the cloth to use as a gag. Rachel softly opened her mouth as Chloe stuffed the material inside, then the young girl tied a strand between her teeth and behind her head, effectively sealing her up in a tight cleave gag.

"Come on," beckoned Chloe. "Maggie is waiting for us downstairs."

Chloe left the room first, and Rachel walked behind her. Mya pulled up the rear to ensure Rachel would go where she needed to, but Rachel at least got to walk on her own free will, without a pair of hands on her to guide her.

When they got to the living room, the procession stopped. Chloe turned back to face Mya.

“Alright,” she said. “You ready?”

“Yep!” exclaimed Mya as she stepped forward.

Each girl put her closed fist on her open palm and stood there, facing one another. Rachel was unsure of what was going on, but there were already enough confusing things going on for one morning that she didn’t bother trying to make sense of it.

“Ready?” asked Chloe.

In unison, the two girls dueled it out.

“ROCK...PAPER...SCISSORS...GO!”

The two girls threw their hands out.

“Ha!” exclaimed Mya. “Paper beats rock. I win!”

“Damnit!” yelled Chloe. “I wanted to give away the bride.”

“Should’ve picked scissors then,” teased Mya.

Chloe opened the door to the basement and went downstairs, leaving Mya alone with Rachel, bound and gagged in the wedding dress. Mya put her arm through Rachel’s as the restrained babysitter held the bouquet of flowers out in front of her.

“This is a real treat,” she said. “I’m honored to give you away!”

“mmmpppphh…” Rachel sighed.

Just then, music could be heard from downstairs. Rachel heard the familiar *Here Comes the Bride* composition being played, and Mya took that as their cue to walk downstairs. The young girl walked first and pulled Rachel behind her. The stairs weren’t wide enough for them to walk side-by-side, so Mya went down first as she pulled Rachel along by her arm. When they reached the bottom of the stairs, they were able to turn into the basement den, and Mya took her place at Rachel’s side again.

Rachel stared at the setup Maggie had laboriously worked on. What used to be Maggie’s father’s mancave had been converted into a wedding chapel. There were flowers and vines everywhere, white curtains hung up all over the place, and at the end of the room, Maggie stood there by Chloe wearing a short, black dress. Her brown hair had been braided, and she wore a little flower in her hair behind her ear.

“mmmppphhh...” Rachel sighed again as Mya stepped forward with her hand on her arm.

Mya escorted Rachel up to Maggie and Chloe, and then stopped just shy of them. Chloe then proceeded to initiate the wedding.

“Dearly beloved,” said Chloe as she giggled. “We’re gathered today to see these two joined in marriage. Who gives away this lovely bride?”

“Me!” pipped Mya, excited to be able to play the part.

Mya took another step forward and brought Rachel to stand in front of Maggie, and then she stepped behind her. Chloe then continued.

“And do you, Maggie, take Rachel to be your bride. Do you promise to love and comfort her, cherish her, and protect her?”

Maggie stared into Rachel’s dark, brown eyes.

“I do,” said Maggie with resolve.

Chloe turned to Rachel.

“And do you Rachel...” said Chloe as she read from a piece of paper. “Do you promise to be an obedient wife, to serve and obey Maggie, and to honor and respect her forever more?”

Rachel looked at Chloe, then at Maggie. She didn’t dare mess this up now. She thought about how Maggie had gone so far as to disconnect her car battery while she was asleep. That level of dedication shouldn’t be challenged if she knew what was good for her.

“mph hmph,” Rachel nodded.

Maggie wiped a tear from her eye as Chloe reached forward to take the bouquet of flowers from Rachel. She then handed them back to Mya while Maggie took Rachel’s bound hands in her own.

“Then by the powers vested in me,” said Chloe. “I now pronounce you...uh...wife and wife!”

Mya giggled as Chloe fought to find the right words.

“You may now kiss your bride!” chirped Chloe.

Maggie pulled Rachel’s arms down, forcing the older girl to bend forward. The young girl pulled her babysitter towards her so that their lips could connect, and then she planted a soft kiss on Rachel’s lips, parted by the cleave gag. It was quick and painless, and took less than a second, but with that kiss, Maggie had made it clear that she intended to keep Rachel as much more than her captive babysitter.

“Yay!” exclaimed Mya as Maggie allowed Rachel to stand upright again.

Chloe clapped her hands together.

“I now pronounce you….uh...Mrs. and Mrs. Maggie!” she said awkwardly.

Maggie smiled as she held Rachel’s hands in hers.

“We’re married now, cutie,” she said.

Maggie turned to her friends.

“Help me tie her up to that pole real quick,” she asked.

Chloe, Mya, and Maggie together untied Rachel's wrists, then walked her over to the support beam in the center of the room. The young girls pulled Rachel's arms behind the pole and tied her wrists together with the cloth, making sure that the knot was tight. They also made sure to restrain her ankles as well. Maggie then stood beside Rachel and took the bouquet of flowers from Mya as the other girl stood beside Maggie. Chloe took her phone over to the TV stand and propped it up, then ran back over to the group. She stood beside Mya as the four girls formed a line.

"Say: 'Happily Ever After!'" cried Maggie with glee as she held the flowers up over her head.

"Happily Ever After!" exclaimed the girls as they also struck an excited pose.

Rachel huffed in frustration as she saw the camera timer count down to zero, then it captured a picture of them all. Chloe retrieved the phone as Maggie and Mya huddled around it, and Maggie was pleased with how the picture turned out.

"Now just one of me and Rachel," she said.

Maggie stood on her toes beside Rachel, and she put her hand around Rachel's waist. She brought the flowers up to her chest and held them, then smiled wide as Chloe snapped a second photo. Maggie lowered herself as Chloe held the phone towards them, and Rachel looked at the picture. She saw herself, bound and gagged, tied to a pole and in a wedding dress. She also saw Maggie, the young girl that she was supposed to be babysitting, happier than she had ever seen a person. Maggie's smile was from ear to ear, and she held the flowers up proudly. Rachel was disgusted.

"Be sure to send me those pics, and then delete them off your phone," said Maggie.

"Okay," replied Chloe.

The young girl did as Maggie asked, and then Mya spoke up.

"Congratulations, Maggie," she said. "Your new bride is so lovely!"

"Yeah," added Chloe. "Rachel is a real catch. Congratulations!"

Maggie blushed as she looked back at Rachel.

"Thanks guys," said Maggie. "She really is..."

Maggie walked behind Rachel and put the flowers in her hands.

"Here," she said. "Hold on to these, and don't drop them! They better still be in your hands when I come back."

Rachel wrapped her fingers around the flowers and held them behind her back. The three girls went upstairs to get breakfast, leaving Rachel tied to the pole and alone with her thoughts, holding a bouquet of flowers behind her back.